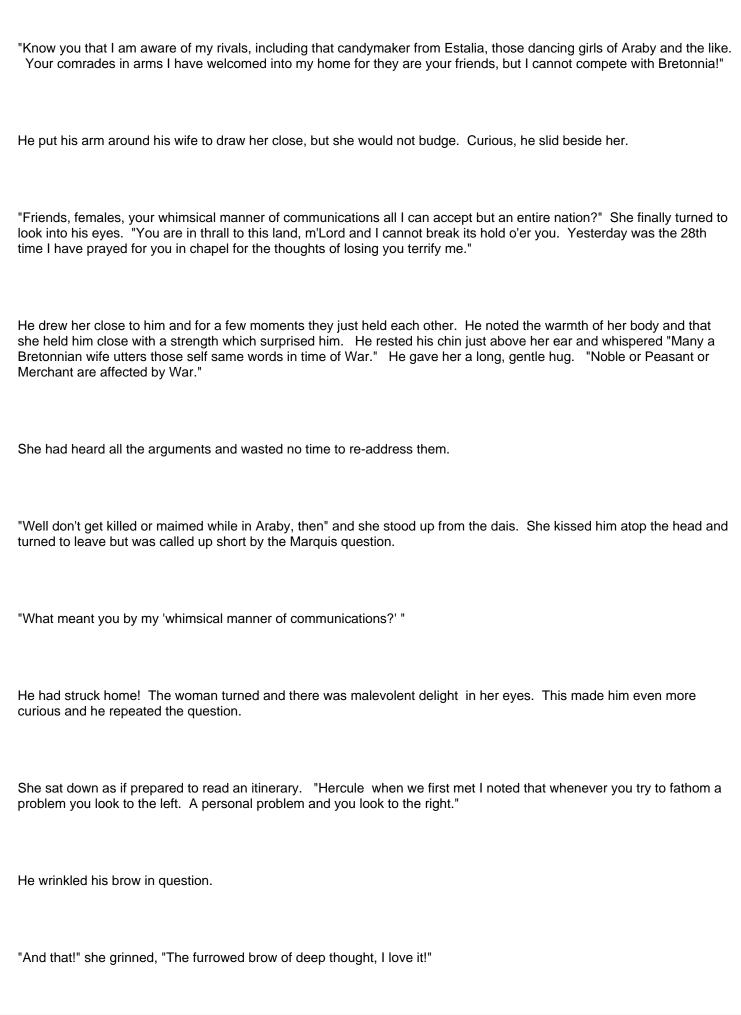
A Wife's Tears

Contributed by The Marquis d'Ascoyne Wednesday, 26 September 2007 Last Updated Thursday, 27 September 2007

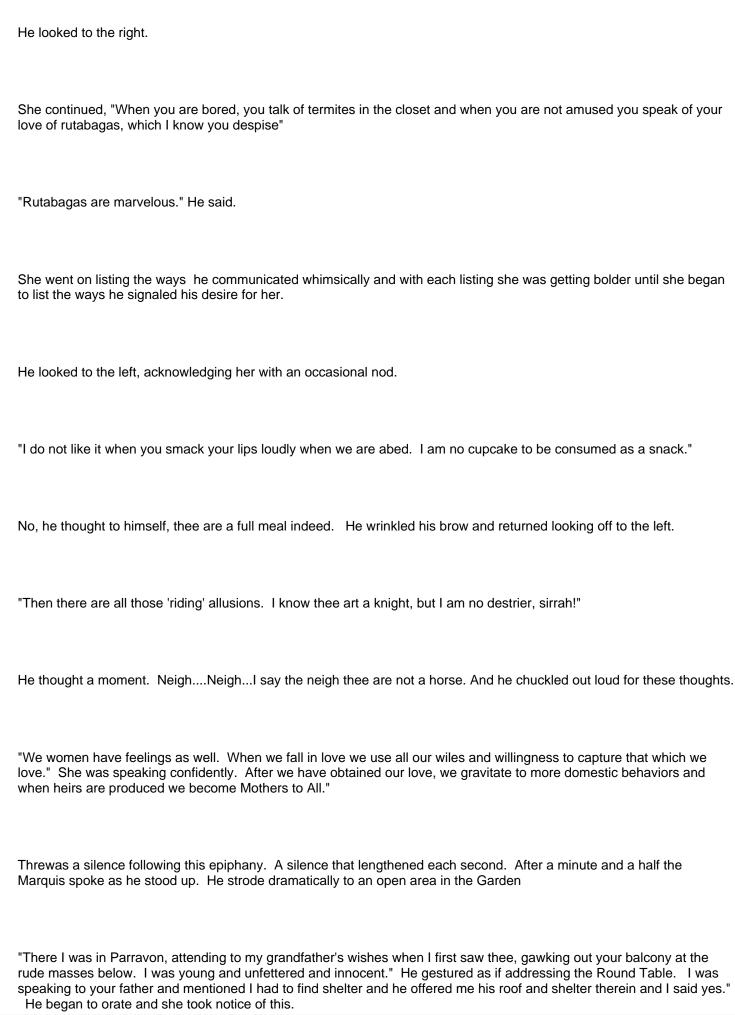
Last Updated Thursday, 27 September 2007 It is said that 'Parting is such sweet sorow" and there is truth to that whether it be for the first time or the 20th time or the last time. A Wife's Tears She had discovered the rumor of War in Araby a full day ahead of her husband for such is the way of woman. While her husband busied himself with the operations of the Military School she stole away to pray to the Lady of the Lake. In chapel she was devout, lighting incense and praying with an open heart and when she was done she went to the Tapestry which depicted the Lady of the Lake meeting Giles the Uniter. She drew back the corner of the tapesty and made a deep scratch on the wall, beside many others. She counted them and there were now 28. Her deed done, she withdrew from the tapestry. And there watching her, was Lady Gandolfyn. Embarrassed, Lady Dianne started to speak, but the Prophetess raised her hand. "Do not apologize for marking times of devotion." Lady Dianne confessed her motives were selfish for she asked that her husband be protected and returned to her safe and sound. Lady Gandolfyn responded that meant 28 times the Lady answered prayer and that was a monument to faith and grace. Lady Dianne bowed and left the chapel. Lady Gandolfyn watched her leave and then studied the tapestry. "In need of cleaning" she said, and made a note to have that done. When the Rumor of War in Araby broke, the Marquis immediately began to make plans an cloistered himself for 36 hours in the War room. When he emerged after meeting with the tent merchants, he sought out his wife and found her in the large garden next to the chapel, seated on a stone dais. Her wet cheek the only sign of her tears. He approached her solemnly, quietly. "Milord I will speak from my heart." She was aware of his presence. There are many things I can endure. I am blessed

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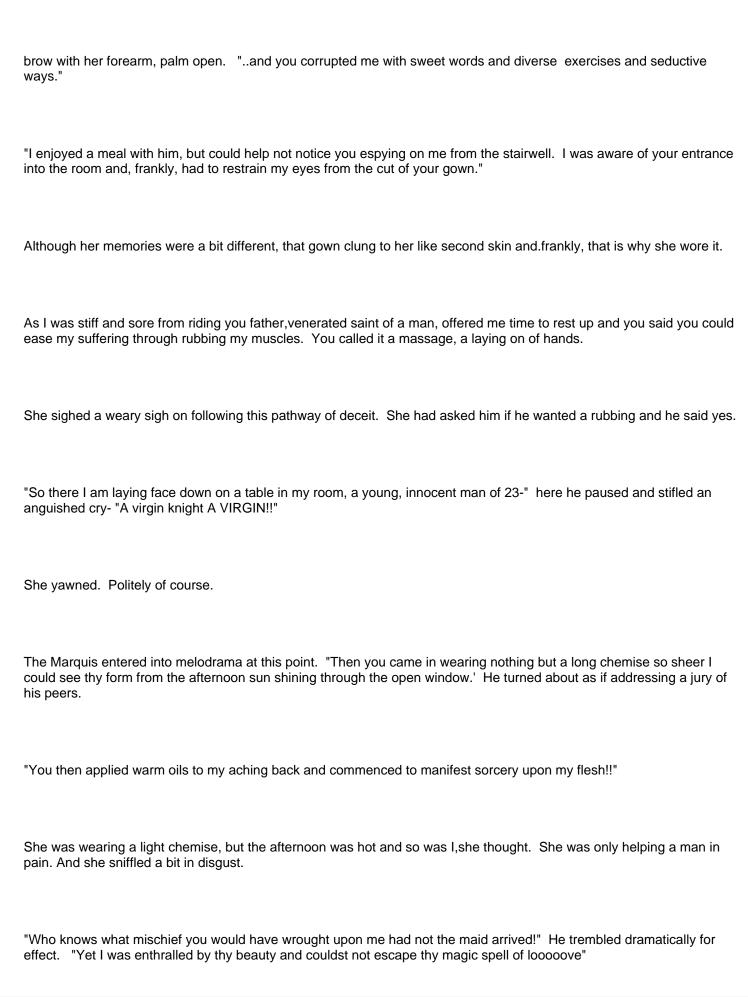
with a great capacity for tolerance." She did not yet turn to him. He stopped and sat by her side.



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He shielded his eyes with his forearm, turned about and stalked away, back to the Castle.

She remained on the dais for a few minutes. Twas not the way she remembered it. She should have had the maid discharged. Watching him walk away she framed his body between forefinger and thumb of her left hand and squeezed them together.

"Like a bug on my arm" she said to no one in particular.